

SNAKE OIL

YOUR GUIDE TO KOOKY KONTEMPORARY KRISTIAN KULTURE

\$2.00

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**BENNY
HINN
BLEW ME!**



**AMY
TILTON**



**BOB'S FIRST-
BORN TIES THE
KNOT !**

**dateline Waco.....
WET DAVID KORESH T-SHIRT
CONTEST !**



from Brother Randall's Desk

Preeee-senting Snake Oil, America's premier forum for secular devotees of today's televangelist scene! You know, not everyone who tunes into Pray TV is receiving a spiritual message. There's a growing congregation of "false followers" who are hip to the comedy, pathos, intrigue, and outlandish hairdos that await them inside the doors of the electronic church. Think of Snake Oil as your church bulletin, my brother, my sister.

The predecessor of Snake Oil was the awkwardly titled Robert Tilton Fan Club Newsletter, of which this could actually be considered the ninth issue. But since we've got a new name, why not go ahead and be BORN AGAIN and start over at Number 1? After last issue's 12-page Bob-gasm, I think it will do us all some good to broaden our scope and check out the competition. But you know what? The Benny Hinns will come and go, but our towering giant of a friend Bob Tilton will endure, and I firmly believe that there are still some BIG REVELATIONS in store for us Bob-watchers. So rest assured that there still is a Robert Tilton Fan Club. Snake Oil is its official organ. I decree it!

And finally, don't let rational thought or, as Bob himself calls it, your "natural mind" get in the way. Clap your hands, stomp your feet, and join the fun! Let's have church!

SUBSCRIPTIONS, ETC.

The publishing schedule of Snake Oil will be erratic. Look for them roughly quarterly, priced at \$2 each. Send as much money as you dare, and I'll keep you on the mailing list accordingly. Less than \$5, please just send CASH, beyond that please make checks payable to D. Rose. Old subscribers to the RTFC newsletter will have the balance of their sub filled with Snake Oil unless I hear from you otherwise. We still have a few ROBERT TILTON TURNS ME ON bumper stickers left at \$2 each and ROBERT TILTON TRADING CARDS - 12 card set in deluxe hard plastic case -- last ones -- \$8 a set. We're out of back issues, but look for a "best of" pretty soon. I'm sad to report that the RTFG Phone Hotline announced last issue has been disconnected due to attacks from Satan too numerous to mention. Thanks to all who participated.

Special thanks to Brother Ben who shared the rich blessings of his computer with us!

Snake Oil # 1 published and edited by Brother Randall, 6102 East Mockingbird # 374, Dallas, Texas 75214. Articles copyright (c) 1993 by their respective authors. Comments and submissions welcome!

A Word from Brother Bucks

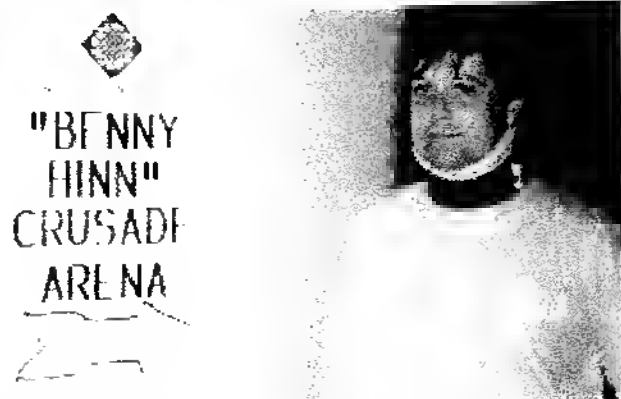
Welcome to Snake Oil! As an old timer from the Tilton days, I'm excited about this new magazine. The Robert Tilton Fan Club Newsletter has transformed into a more varied publication which will focus on the entire spectrum of Professional Christianity, the most exciting sport on the face of the planet! Robert Tilton still has a very important place in Snake Oil. He may no longer be our primary focus, but he will always be our main inspiration.

Our shift in focus was partly necessitated by Bob's "fall." Granted, the man has downsized tremendously due to declining funds. Granted, he has been given near-has-been status by the local and national media. He would basically have to die or kill a bunch of people at the Galleria mall to get on the front page of the Dallas Morning News these days.

As I reflect on the dimming of Bob's reign, I feel a bit sad for Bob and myself. Thank God I live in Dallas and can feel that growing local connection that makes me proud to have been born in Big D. I've realized that for me, it doesn't matter how popular Bob is or what the media thinks of him. I admire Bob for simply being himself, and he will always be doing that, better than anyone else, for the rest of his life. He is one of the major personalities, and I mean that in the most awesome sense.

You might ask yourself as we broaden our horizons what Bob Tilton means to you. If you're anything like me, you will shed a small spiritual tear as you realize the difference between the early and mid-90's.

Let us love Bob as we did before, and carry him in our thoughts as we frudge onward. After all, he is much like you or I; he has a beating heart, a brilliant mind, and a one of a kind soul. Now that he is smaller, so to speak, our love for him is made more special. He is, if anything, more of a man and less of a sensation.



BENNY HINN BLEW ME!

.....CRUSADE REPORT.....by Brother Randall

"Pastor Benny, this man's spine was just healed! He could barely move his arms, and the doctors told him he would have to wear a neck brace forever — but just now, he felt a heat go into his back."

"Bring him here!" commanded the swarthy man with the anvil-shaped hair.

All eyes were on me, including the swarthy man's, who was now approaching me, hands on his hips, head cocked.

Suddenly his hands flew up to the sides of my head and clapped my temples smartly. WHAP! My eyes rolled back, my arms flailed. I ripped the neck brace off with a single motion and flung it to the heavens as I fell backwards. Pastor Benny was yelling, "Ooo Ooo — that's power, people." The auditorium cheered wildly.

Benny winked at the camera and said, "Pick him up." Two of Benny's "catchers" scooped my convulsing body to an upright position. "What are you feeling, man?" Benny was giving me his look of feigned incredulosity. One of the catchers shoved a mike in my face. All I could do was sputter unintelligibly. Finally I managed to gasp, "a h-heat."

"Well, here it comes again, brother." Benny pranced over



and blew right in my face. This time the anointing was so powerful that Benny himself stumbled backwards a couple of steps. Meanwhile I'm back on the floor like so much anointed jello.

Or something like that. At least that's how I had it worked out in my mind, but as I came to find out, getting blown by Benny Hinn is not as easy as you might think.

The first time I tuned into one of Benny's crusades I was dumfounded. This mysterious, arrogant little man with olive skin and a big anvil-like hairdo could, with a puff of his breath, send people careening backwards, collapsing into quivering, ecstatic heaps. Ushers would haul these people off the stage and bring up new ones to be blown over in rapid succession

by Pastor Benny. One time, Benny himself got so overcome that he started stumbling around, and when the ushers tried to catch him, he freaked out and blew them over and everybody fell down! I've seen Robert Tilton and others go down a line of people, slapping their foreheads and causing them to fall over, but this was madness. How could anyone take this guy seriously? But there they were, packing an arena fuller than a Motley Crue concert.

Needless to say I was beside myself with excitement when Benny announced that he would be bringing his show to the Dallas Convention Center.

Prior to the Dallas crusade I was able to dig up a little background info on Benny. Although many people think Benny is

from India because of his clipped English and his hypnotic, Korla Pandit-like quality, he claims to have been born in Israel to Greek and Armenian parents. He moved to Canada at fourteen and became an avid follower of female faith healer Kathryn Kuhlman. By the early eighties Benny had moved to Orlando, married the daughter of a prominent pastor, and started his own church, the Orlando Christian Center. He preaches to a large congregation there, and once a month he takes his act on the road and stages huge crusades all over the country. Highlights from the church services and crusades, together with studio segments, are edited together for thirty minute programs which air several times a day on, among other stations, the Trinity Broadcasting Network (Jan and Paul's channel). At 39 he's considered a "rising star" of the religious television industry. My research turned up one other choice bit of Hinn trivia: in 1986 at an Oklahoma City crusade, an 85-year-old woman sustained fatal injuries when a man "slain in the spirit" fell over on top of her. The woman's family sued, claiming that the ushers delayed calling an ambulance so as not to disrupt the miracle service. The matter was settled out of court.

As the appointed days of the Dallas crusade drew near, a quest was born deep inside my Spirit Man: I wanted to get on that stage and have Benny blow me!

The Dallas sweep consisted of

three services — Thursday night, Friday morning, and Friday night. I figured that the Friday night show would be the most crowded and that my best chance of getting on stage would be on Thursday. A neck brace had practically fallen into my lap earlier in the week, and I took that as a sign that my fantasy was going to become reality. My plan was to get to the Convention Center a couple of hours early (wearing my neck brace), be noticed by an usher who would then screen me and see that I was a good candidate for a televised healing.

The folly of my little scheme became somewhat apparent when I arrived at the Convention Center and saw hundreds of people already crowded by the doors waiting to get in. Although it was cold and pouring rain, nobody was being let in. I tried some side doors and got the attention of a security guy, but he couldn't have cared less that I was cold, wet, and in severe neck pain. I even gestured at the brace. Nothing. So I joined the throng at the front doors. I didn't notice any other neck braces or crutches. Good. Less competition. The crowd was a complete mixed bag of race, age, and other demographic variables. I was prepared for someone to strike up a conversation or at least give me a look of sympathy or encouragement, but nobody even glanced my way.

The doors finally opened, and everyone swarmed in. The Dallas Convention Center is comprised of three levels, and I

headed for the ground floor. There I was confronted with a door, a security guard, and a sign that said that the floor level was reserved for people in wheelchairs and one helper each. My neck brace did not qualify.

Back on the second level I was again thwarted. That level was reserved for people who had special postcards, presumably people who sent Benny money on a regular basis. Well, there was no way I was going to be banished to the nosebleed section, so I bided my time until I was able to slip past security. The 10,000-person capacity arena was filling up, but I spotted a single unoccupied seat right up at the front of the middle level between a 40ish black woman and a pair of young, well-groomed Caucasian males. I had an unobstructed view of the ground floor, which was now a teeming mass of crippled, maimed, deformed, and disease-ridden humanity. I felt a twinge in my neck.

A hillbilly family had brought in their young son on a rolling cot hooked up to some kind of ventilator apparatus. Across the aisle in a wheelchair was a guy who must have been in the final stages of AIDS. The choir was rehearsing and cameras were being set up.

It's hard to say when the service actually started. All of a sudden I noticed Benny was on stage, albeit somewhat obscured by the camera equipment. A meandering series of prayers, songs, announce-

ments, and guest speakers was underway. We faithful seemed to be there merely as extras for the crowd shots. Unlike Robert Tilton's, Benny's TV shows consist of edited segments, so he doesn't have to worry about putting on a cohesive, dynamic show--just getting the shots he needs.

During one bit Benny acknowledged and thanked God for every local pentecostal mover and shaker in Dallas--all but one. Yep, Big Bob was conspicuously omitted from Benny's schmoozing, name-dropping, and prayers.

Next, Benny had a group of visiting pastors from South America come up on stage and knocked them over by slinging his jacket at them, a brief break in what was turning into a pretty monotonous evening. More songs, prayers, etc.

Benny finally seemed to turn his attention away from the cameras and to focus on the crowd. Yes, it was time to tithe. I gotta hand it to Benny. This was the slickest begging for money I've ever witnessed. He started off by apologizing for having to interrupt this beautiful service for even five minutes to take up an offering. He said he knew he didn't even have to tell us how much it cost to put on one of these crusades (he did go on to tell us, though), and he knew he could count on us to do the right thing. At least a \$100, he mentioned offhandedly. The lady next to me wrote out a check for \$300.

The final leg of the service began with upbeat praise singing which gradually degenerated into new-agey chant-singing of "hallelujah" over and over. After about 15 minutes of this a large portion of the audience had broken down and were softly sobbing. Against this backdrop Benny announced that the miracles were starting to happen. He recited a laundry list of miracles, and finally asked for those who had just received a miracle to come to the stage. Notice that Benny doesn't even have to perform the miracles one-on-one. People are asked to come up after they're already healed. Benny just takes the bows (and knocks people over for good measure).

I ripped off my brace and made a dash for the ground floor, but long lines were already snaking off either side of the stage. I watched as a guy in a full body apparatus took the stage and stripped off his braces. A fat lady who had been crippled with arthritis jogged up and down the stage. Benny milked these people for a long time while the rest of us had to wait. It was getting close to 11 o'clock, and my dreams of getting on stage were fading fast. I retreated to the back of the ground floor and just watched for a minute. The AIDS-ravaged guy I had noticed earlier was struggling to take a couple of steps. I'd had about enough.

So in the end, no, I didn't get blown by Mr. Anvil-Head and I left with a bad taste in my

mouth. Benny Hinn is no Bob Tilton. Bob pumps you up, kicks you in the butt. Benny, on the other hand, lulls you into a submissive, emotional stupor. He's a wimp. He's Liberace to Bob Tilton's Elvis.

Comparisons to Bob aside, I am glad I went, but I would recommend a Benny Hinn crusade only to the hardcore false followers among you. Benny's much better digested in his thirty minute programs of edited highlights.

postscript

March 2, 1993: Inside Edition came through with a beautifully done Benny Hinn story. Highlights included an ambush interview at the Philadelphia airport in which Benny, surrounded by bodyguards, bolted through a security door, setting off alarms and pandemonium as his goons punched out the reporters! Later, back home in Orlando, Benny agreed to be interviewed on camera. Benny pointed out that it wasn't his job to follow up his healings with a phone call to the miracle recipient's physician. Cut to an elderly woman throwing away her heart medicine.

But in the end Benny revealed himself to be a spineless slime-ball by totally kissing the butts of his attackers, saying he's sorry and will try to do better in the future by medically verifying the miracles. Contrast Benny's cop-out to Robert Tilton who did the honorable thing and *fought back* and who will ultimately prevail.



HOW YOU CAN HANG WITH THE HOLY ...HASSLE-FREE!

by Brother Russell

Yes, brothers and sisters, Springtime is upon us, and each one of us in his or her own way is making a new beginning. As a matter of fact, you may be planning to get born again. It ain't as easy as it looks, but if you're like me you have no option. Are you planning on enjoying a live Bob Tilton service without becoming conspicuous and finding yourself helped to the door by his smiling armed linebackers? Are you planning on infiltrating an Operation Rescue briefing for purposes of sabotage (or just for laughs) without being accused of witchcraft and disappearing in a marshy area near Lancaster? Maybe you need to penetrate the dark inner circle of a charismatic church to kidnap and de-program a weak-minded brother-in-law. Whatever the case, ye must be born again. And friends, for these tricky situations you better look like you got Jesus and not just religion.

So let's start with a warning. There is a mistake you smug and cynical secular types make again and again that can quickly raise eyebrows in an evangelical setting. It is the overuse and ill-timing of well-known Pentecostal interjections. Real Bible-thumpers don't say "Hallelujah" every ten seconds indiscriminately. They concentrate, they hang on every word of the sermon, and they say, "Yes Lord" and "Praise God." They whisper "Amen" a few times, then suddenly shout it at the top of their lungs. The dynamics and vocabulary of their supplication are rich and varied. Just as the Eskimos have a dozen or so different words for "snow," fundamentalists have at least three dozen words and phrases that mean, "I believe everything you are saying without even an iota of questioning."

But the real trick is timing. There is a time to shout and a time to merely grimace and raise those holy hands. (That's right, my brethren, if you didn't study drama in college, you're going to have to either draw on your instincts or convince yourself that people were really healed by St. Paul's old linens.) You'll learn there is a proper time and place for certain of your favorite rants. If you say "Hallelujah" after a rabid preacher has just described the fate that awaits many of his followers' loved ones in a burning Hell, you'll quickly learn that it wasn't meant to be uttered casually.

Here are a couple of tips for the best timing of those blessed Hosannas:

- (1) The more absurd and offensive the preacher's social opinions are, the more you should nod and say, "That's right," painful though it may be. For example, a regular on TBN recently declared, "The reason Desert Storm did not turn out to be another Vietnam was because this time America prayed." This outright lunacy would draw from me two emphatic "that's right's" and an "amen" in a live setting, although secretly I would be gritting my teeth and feeling a pre-ulcer flareup for the next few minutes.

(2) When in doubt, whisper, don't shout. The point here is to avoid calling attention to yourself, and nobody will care if you talk under your breath for the first hour or so while you train your ear and learn the language. Remember, you are in the one place where mumbling incoherently to yourself is considered a sign of wholeness and well-being. So be patient. Maybe after that big love offering is taken they'll start the music again and you'll get your chance to simulate a mind-shattering orgasm and holler "GLOW-REE!"

Now, unless you are prepared to utterly transform yourself by giving up all your favorite vices and getting a haircut that makes you look like a storm-window installer from Fomey, you'd better be ready to head off churchgoers' probing questions at the pass. A simple alibi such as, "I just accepted Christ last week. Guess I've got a lot of leamin' and growin' to do..." can prevent having to explain your worldly earrings or an obvious hangover. Laughing at the wrong moment and drawing a suspicious glance can be defused by saying a goofy "Thank you Jeesis" and breaking into jubilant gibberish. This "gift of laughter" euphoria is acceptable among recent recipients of the all-important Baptism in the Holy Ghost. If this tactic doesn't ease the tension, you may have to dramatize a dead faint. Once you are "slain in the Spirit," no one will dare to question the authenticity of your behavior. (It's OK to pick a soft landing spot such as a carpeted aisle or obese woman. Those holy-rollers may look out of control, but you'll notice they never crack their skulls on anything.)

If you are accompanied by friends whose lack of skill and subtlety threatens to blow your cover, do not underestimate the wisdom of whispering to the people around you, "I'm trying to lead them to Jesus. This is the first time they've ever been in a church. I think they need deliverance from demons."

During those awkward moments of "fellowship" or mingling with God's children, the best way to keep the focus off yourself is to tell someone you are a new Christian and ask them for advice. A simple "Which version of the Bible would you recommend for me?" will allow you to stay quiet and coast for at least half an hour while a closet case in brown polyester tells you why any translation other than the New Revised International American is downright demonic. He'll be thrilled to assume the role of teacher and reinforce his own twisted ideas, while you'll get an opportunity to listen for and memorize effective clichés. Pretty soon you too will be able to say, "Man is imperfect, but Jesus never fails. So just keep your eyes on Him," when someone confides to you that her previous pastor fondled a twelve-year-old.

And while we're on the subject of our blessed Redeemer, keep this in mind: Never pronounce His holy name correctly. Tilton's ringmaster Dan Moroso calls Him "Jee-zizz." Middle-aged Assembly of God women try to seduce Him with cries of "Jeee-Sauce. Thinkyew Jee-Sauce." Use one of these uniquely white and wacky mispronunciations, or invent your own. But if you bang your knee or lock your keys in your car, it's best to break your lifelong habit and not invoke His mighty name at all.

Well, I'm out of space for now, but hopefully these tips will keep you in holy waters and out of hot water as you begin your new adventure with the Lord. Just remember, no matter what you do, never stop smiling, and be sure to take along a few empty sealed envelopes for the offering buckets.

Wet David Koresh

by **Brother Randall**

Where am I, by the way?

Oh yeah, I'm back home, back in Waco. I'm halfway through my second Crazy Horse Malt Liquor, hanging out in a metal shack of a club on an obscure farm-to-market road, listening to "Let's Go Crazy" by Prince, I believe, blasting from the sound system. I must be drunk because it's sounding pretty good, and I'm feeling nothing but good will toward the other patrons. Hell yeah! These are my people, Waco people. Belch.

I search the crowd for my new friend Raylene who brought me here to Cod's. Cod's used to be Doc's, it was explained to me, and before they lost the "i" on their portable sign, it had been, simply, Disco. My friend Raylene sells t-shirts near the roadblock leading up to the remains of the Branch Davidian compound. It's the Saturday following Monday's fire, and business had been great all day. Beautiful weather had helped lure me and hundreds of other curiosity seekers to what the locals refer to as T-Shirt Hill, an overlook on Loop 340 where you once could see the compound with a strong pair of binoculars. I'd arrived around noon and spent the day mingling with the dozen or so vendors who were hawking not

only an astounding assortment of shirts, but also bumperstickers, coffee mugs, hats, and frisbees commemorating the event that put Waco on the map. The t-shirts ranged from tacky to utterly tasteless, and now here I was a few miles away at Cod's about to be entertained by a revue of local biker babes modeling some of those very t-shirts while being sprayed down with beer. Yes, it's the Wet David Koresh T-Shirt Contest!

But first a few words from J.T., the proprietor of Cod's and the genius who conceived the event: "Did y'all hear who quit smoking?...David Koresh!" Jeez, tell us one we haven't



heard. "Do y'all know how to pick up a Branch Davidian girl?...With a Dustbuster!" Ha ha ha. The crowd's getting worked up. "The Branch Davidians have divided into two groups now -- regular and extra crispy!" OK J.T., where're them babes? After a couple more jokes J.T. exits.

Raylene's disappeared too, but I spot a heavy metal kid I'd

seen out at the hill.

"How'd you do today?" I ask.

"Yeah, I made a little money. I used to jam with that dude," he says, pointing at the image of Koresh on my own t-shirt. "He came to see my band play a couple of times, and he told us, 'man, come on out to my ranch and use my equipment, ' 'cause he had all these really big amps and stuff that he'd brought with him from California. So we went out there a few times and jammed. He was a really talented guitar player. I mean, it's really too bad."

"Uh huh," I reply as I realize there's no escape from my new acquaintance. In Central Texas the drug of choice is crank (as opposed to crack), and once you get cornered by one of these methamphetamine motor-mouths, you're stuck, no pun intended.

"They shouldn't have towed away his Camaro, man. He loved that car. I mean, that's when he lost his shit. You know when they wrote the Bible, in the Book of Revelation, they wouldn't know what helicopters were, you know, so they called them, like, big locusts or whatever. David invited us to some of his Bible studies. We never went, but I've read the Book of Revelation myself, and my band's written some songs about it."

T-Shirt Contest

I notice some activity near the dance floor and see half a dozen girls milling around, decked out in Koreshian attire. The music gets louder, and the lights start blinking. It must be showtime!

Simultaneously AC/DC's "Highway To Hell" starts blasting out of the PA, the dry ice machine kicks in with a big cloud of smoke, and a strobe light begins flashing. I join the chorus of war whoops as a peroxide blonde in cut-offs and a purple "Weird Asshole Come Out" tee takes the dance floor. As she frugs and shimmies, the group of judges spray her with Windex bottles full of water. The crowd's really getting into it.

Contestant # 2 is another peroxide blonde, but she's wearing leather hot pants and a "David You Really Made An Ash Out of Yourself" shirt. She receives the requisite baptism from the judges and also gets a generous amount of beer poured on her. She gets completely drenched, and the fat guy next to me is going nuts. I decide to relinquish my ringside seat and move off to the side.

Next up is a full-bodied truck stop cutie sporting the "Ranch Apocalypse" design. She looks kind of lost and makes a couple of big circles around the dance floor and then just shakes her head up and down

for what seems like forever. One of the judges finally leads her off. You don't get this kind of entertainment in Dallas.

The next contestant is yet another peroxide blonde. She's wearing the classic "Mt Carmel Stand Off" shirt, tied up into a halter top. This particular shirt was the very first one on the market and looks like it was designed by an indigenous Central Texan with a felt tip pen. Native Waco art. I'll drink to that.

Lights are flashing in a constant strobe, and the music is pumped up to simulate a boot kicking in your skull.

Everything's starting to blur. I try to focus on the stage. One of the contestants has dispensed of her Koresh shirt entirely and is doing an interpretive dance with what looks like an AK 47. Although I can't hear anything over the music, I can see the clientele banging the tables and howling in approval. A couple of fights have broken out, and a big guy

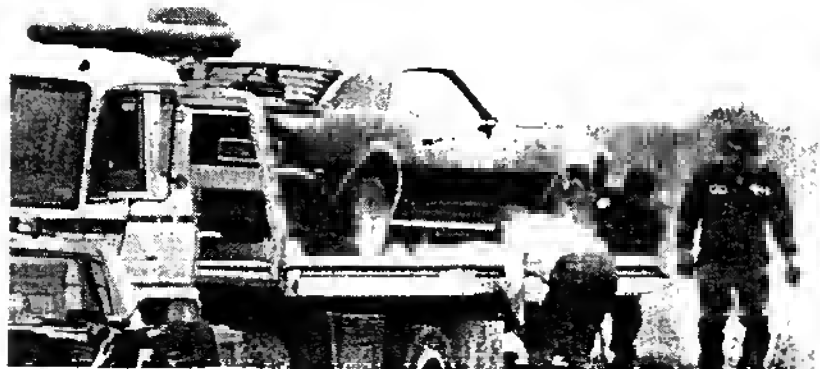
I suspect is an off-duty ATF agent is staggering around like an enraged King Kong. Projectiles sailing past my head, I make my way to the exit.

I half walk, half fall out the front door and into the gravel parking lot. It's a clear, starlit Central Texas night, and the breeze carries a slight chill and the taint, telltale scent of a nearby speedlab. I see Raylene leaning against a truck, illuminated by the yellow portable Cod's sign.

"Which way back to town?" I ask her.

She ignores my question and takes a reflective drag off her cigarette. "They should've just let him finish his seven seals. That's all he wanted to do," she says.

"Yeah," I reply with an understanding that's born of the twenty years I spent in Waco. "Yeah, and they never should have towed off his Camaro."



A wrecker crew prepares Friday to haul a Chevrolet Camaro prized by Branch Davidian leader Davish Koresh away from the site where the cult's compound formerly stood.

Amy Tilton Wedding Scrapbook

by Brother Randall

Amy Tilton, Robert Tilton's 23-year-old daughter, is a familiar face to viewers of Bob's "Sunday Morning Live" program where Amy is one of the featured Sanctuary Singers. For a long time speculation raged over whether or not Amy's microphone was actually turned on, but Amy's critics were silenced a few months ago when Amy sang her first solo "Keep Believing," a popular contemporary Christian ballad. A little off-key, but all the more endearing. Amy broke a few hearts that day when she used the occasion to announce her engagement to Bill Kushnir of Arlington. Amy Tilton, small in stature, big in hair, she could easily be mistaken for a porno actress. All that and heir to the Tilton fortune. Yes, I'm sure a few fantasies were shattered that day!



Bob's daddy, Clyde Tilton

The wedding was to be held on Saturday, May 15th at Word of Faith, and the entire church was invited!

What do you buy someone like Amy Tilton for a wedding present? A call to the church office offered the following: Amy was registered for china at Macy's Foley's, and Neiman's. The couple also

had wish lists on file at Crate & Barrel, Service Merchandise, and Home Depot. The color scheme

of their new house was pink, light yellow, green, blue, and white in the kitchen, country blue, mauve, pink, sea foam green, and yellow in the master bath, with pink, rose, navy blue, dark green, and white being the main colors throughout the rest of the house. Well, we deliberated and finally decided to give the Kushnir's something personal and meaningful. We choose a blue handmade ashtray which had been given to us by a mentally disturbed friend of the family. We put in a personal note that we thought it would be lovely in the master bath, perhaps filled with small soaps or potpourri.

So gift in hand we arrived at the church for the three o'clock ceremony. The sanctuary was full of well wishers, and the Sunday Morning Live orchestra supplemented by an extra brass section played beautiful, traditional music like "Edelweiss" and "Dear Heart." There were dozens of professional video camera people, complete with big boom rigs. The stage was set up with Grecian columns with gauze wrapped all around, palms and ferns, big candelabras, and fantasy lighting. It was all very soap opera-esque.

The ceremony itself was traditional, with Rex Humbard officiating. Amy choked back tears during her vows, and Rex made Bill repeat "for richer for poorer" twice (! swear!) We could see Bob, and he seemed to be shedding a couple of tears himself.

Immediately after the "I do's," most everyone went next door to the Lexington Academy football field for the reception. We stayed behind and watched the family get the wedding photos taken. Bob was in good spirits and was accessible to his



Amy & Bill depart Word of Faith

public. We managed to speak briefly to him! I wanted to blurt out, "I'm the president of your fan club!" but thought better of it.

The weather was beautiful for the outdoor reception, and a string quartet played Mozart-ish melodies as we enjoyed cake and sparkling punch. Bob and wife Marte didn't seem to have much to do with each other during the reception. Marte had a young, male attendant with her at all times who was dressed in what appeared to be military dress attire. A relative perhaps? (There definitely were some folks there who looked as if they could have been from the Dangerfield side of the family!) We spotted Bob's lawyer, J. C. Joyce, and also the guy from Response Media in Tulsa who was in the Prime Time Live report, as well as Success N Lite



Bob talks to his No. 1 Fan

announcer Dan Moroso.

We had a wonderful time. On behalf of Ben, Russell, Donna and myself, thank you Bob, and good luck Bill and Amy!

GOSPEL GRAPEVINE

BY BROTHER RANDALL & BROTHER WELDON

David Koresh Rides Again! Ray Lampley of the Universal Church of God has a problem with the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms himself. He'll tell you BATF stands for Bureau of Anti-Christ Terrorist Forces. Has a nice ring, don't you think? Ray has pinned down the **end of the world** as falling on October 7, 1994 (a Friday), so plan accordingly. For more information and some intense Biblical Doomsday raving, drop Ray a line at Route 1 Box 52, Hanna, OK 74845... Well, even if the end of the world is coming, you've still gotta eat, so it makes sense to dine on your very own Charles Anderson **Rapture Placemats**. These durable, full-color placemats depicting the second coming (planes crashing into skyscrapers, spirits rising from graves -- this is art!) are available from the Bible Believer's Evangelistic Association, Rt 3, Box 92, Sherman, TX 75090. Their catalog is full of rapture teaching aids and souvenirs. Of special note is their book Projection For Survival which is the literary equivalent of being screamed at. Fans of **Jack Chick**-style mean-spirited Christianity take note... Now available -- **Jessica Hahn's** new video from Playboy. If you haven't seen Jessica lately, you haven't seen Jessica. That which God put on this earth in an imperfect form has been reshaped by mortal hands into a thing of per-

fection. Jessica is state of the art. The video starts off with a fantasy sequence full of religious imagery where Jessica acts out her encounter with Jim Bakker. At the climax of this particular bit, she curls into a fetal position, mocking the classic image of Jim on his way to jail...Speaking of **Jim Bakker**, he's recently circulated a letter asking forgiveness for preaching a gospel emphasizing earthly prosperity. You can try to talk some sense into Jim by writing PO Box 4600, Rochester, MN 55903-4600, Prisoner # 07407-058 (don't forget that prisoner number)... The Examiner continues to be the tabloid to watch for the best **Jim and Tammy** gossip. "Jim Bakker Prison Love Diary," "Tammy Faye Abandons Her Disabled Son," and "Jim Bakker Wants to Stay in Jail With His Male Lover" are a few of the recent headlines... **Dr. Gene Scott** newsflash from **Brother Weldon** in Denison, TX: Dr. Scott has purchased 100% of the air time for the next five years on **Channel 55** in Dallas, former home of Robert Tilton's short-lived Power Channel. Yes, the Power Channel has gone to the "horses." Dallas contributors to Bro. Scott can expect some really big bitching if they don't send enough money to pay for it. Dr. Scott has an option for five years after the original five expire, so it looks like Bob can kiss Channel 55 goodbye forever.

In reference to Bob's billboards around Dallas advertising himself on the Power Channel, Gene said that there would be no more of that "garbage." Gene also said that Bob looks as if he's "breaking wind on every word." He's obviously seen the "Joyful Noise" video (the much-circulated tape of Bob with flatulence dubbed in). Gene even went so far as to say that he watches Tilton for entertainment now that he knows that something is "going on" under the screen. Bob isn't Dr. Scott's only target. Gene's fond of referring to Paul Crouch as Paul Crotch! Tune in on Sunday nights around 11:00 CST to catch Dr. Scott live... In other Gene Scott news, **do not miss** the second issue of **The Last Prom** (\$4.50 from Ralph Coon, 137 S. San Fernando Blvd # 243, Burbank, CA 91502) which is entirely devoted to the good doctor. This is an awe inspiring document. Many, many hours of research obviously went into it, and it delivers the goods! Biographical info, court cases, conspiracies, pictures, Dr. Scott's home address. Extremely well written and informative!...Brother Steve has compiled a 90 minute tape of **David Koresh's rare phone calls** to radio station KRLD early in the siege. \$10 cleverly concealed cash or money orders to Steve Aydt, 3705 Vaucluse Dr # 199, Euless, TX 76040.

TONIGHT I DIE

"Dear God, this is my last prayer on earth. Forgive me for the wrongs I have done and for which I am deeply ashamed and humbly sorry. I leave this world without bitterness or animosity toward anyone."

